

For though the Soul do seem her grave to  
**bear**, And in this world is almost buried  
quick ! We have no cause the Body's  
death to fear, " For when the shell is  
broke\* out comes a chick! \*\*

For as the Soul's *essential* Powers are three,  
Three                   <sup>^e</sup> Quick'ning Power, the Power  
of Sense, and  
kmds of           Reason;  
answerable   Three kinds of Life to her designed  
be !  
p<sup>o</sup>we<sup>e</sup>rl<sup>h</sup>of<sup>ee</sup>   Which perfect these three Powers,  
in their due  
the Soui.           season\*

The first Life in the mother's womb is spent,  
Where She her Nursing Power doth  
only use ; Where, when She finds  
defect of nourishment, Sh' expels her  
body<sub>s</sub> and this world She views.

This, we call Birth ! but if the child could  
speak, He, Death would call it! and of  
Nature, 'plain That She should thrust him  
out naked and weak! And in his passage,  
pinch him with such pain 1

Yet, out he comes ! and in this world is placed,  
Where all his Senses in perfection be !  
Where he finds flowers to smell, and fruits  
to taste, And sounds to hear, and sundry  
forms to see.

When he hath passed some time upon this Stage,  
His Reason, then, a little seems to wake !  
Which though She spring, when Sense doth  
fade with  
age, Yet can She here, no perfect  
practice mak;e!

Then doth th' aspiring Soul, the Body leave!  
Which we call Death, But were it known  
to all,, What Life our Souls do, by this  
death<sub>s</sub> receive j . Men wotild it, Birth I or  
Gaol Delivery I call.